

the laybacker



Lake Bellambi

Max Pointscore

Greetings Members and Guests!

I called in to our secret spot on the way home from work this evening, sun pretty much set, but there was an orange glow in the clouds, and it splashed all over the sea, about 3 foot - the left overs of the recent monster swell. The wind was light and mostly offshore, and even these leftovers looked like they had juice. And the colours Man! Every glassy wave was shades of the sky's orange, and some of our mates were carving it up - Mark H and Mal Robbo to name a couple - lovely long walls...

Then it got dark - as it seems to be doing way too early these days, and another day passed without a surf!! But I was honestly glad that my mates surfed...even those who tend to make gluttons of themselves (you know who I mean Scotty and Dale - but I am not bitter!)

And Grahame came out while I was watching and we had a chat, then Colza called me over and told me Corey had scored at Windang, and Huesy surfed the Bommie, and it must have been big judging by the look on Colza's face.... I thought (not for the first time) how lucky I was to be part of this big family, and yes, I am really really glad when my mates get a lot of waves, and I don't....

So we come to the May PS, a beautiful day at Easties, on the one and only good bank on the beach.... There was very little to be had, and it looked pretty ordinary at first, but boy did it get better! Glassy all day, and the right peelers just got longer! The pics tell the story, along with Greg and Andrew's footage on the website, and cracker pics from Dave M on there as well.

Good surf, good mates, very family vibe with all the Grommets and Sub Grommets lounging in the dunes (very comfy). Sunny warm, and I won the board!! Everyone was really supportive of me, and glad for my good fortune too!...

So without further ado, please enjoy the memories of the pointscore, and then, Jarret's tall tales and true from the Tabourie Daze with pics by Greg...

Hoo Roo for now, Andy Goldie



Easties was ON - Aaron

inside

THE MAY POINTSCORE

pics by AG & Dave Milnes

TABOURIE DAZE

story by Jarret Napper, pics
Greg Nichol

australianlongboarding.com
for comps

ALL PHOTOS BY AG UNLESS
OTHERWISE CREDITED



Aaron



Comfy hanging in the dunes..



Lumbo - uncharacteristically late for his heat



Dale, Andrew W. & passer by..



Action at the tally desk - Hoppo drifts off into snoozeville...



Corza, loving the comp tension...



Sian carving!



Dale, Aiden, Gareth, & Gary - riveted by the action..



Aiden, demonstrating a flat water cutie!



Happy family times at Easties....



Mark



The Draw! and a very happy Laybacker grinner winner!



Billy, mid cross step - making it look easy as usual!



Greg catching Lumbo in action - 'switch footing'



Raffie, Heidi, and Mal



DJ - very cool daddy



Tommy Bates - smooth (younger) drop knee...



Aaron



Aiden



Billy



Dale





Gareth switching, and showing his very cool stick!



Aiden



Tommy B



Jarret



Brian B and the Prez



The all important warmup in the Old 55's!



Aiden - smooth and focussed



Aaron



Darcy



Mal 'Soul Arch' Warren



Mal Robbo



Greg N RTL'ing!



Baz - very poised!



"As much fun as a heat of Old 55's!"



C 2016 D Milnes

Lumbo



C 2016 D Milnes



Brian Bull

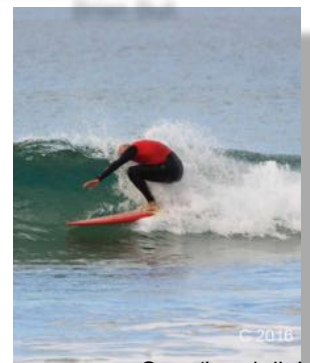


C 2016 D Milnes

Kev Napper



C 2016 D Milnes



C 2016

Greg 'head dip'



C 2016 D Milnes

Baz



C 2016 D Milnes

Gary H



C 2016 D Milnes

Lochy



Mark H



C 2016 D Milnes

Greg N



C 2016 D Milnes

Jarret



C 2016 D Milnes

Billy



C 2016 D Milnes

Lochy



C 2016 D Milnes

Aaron



C 2016 D Milnes

VP Corza



C 2016 D Milnes

Lumbo



C 2016 D Milnes

Andy



Tabourie Daze

Text - Jarret Napper
Photos - Greg Nicholl

Water, the giver of life. The wind in our sails. The earth under our feet. And fire, finally, fire, kept us bloody warm for the first time ever at Tabourie. We stood around it after a surf, toasted marshmallows and sunk plenty of beers by it all night long. FIRE!!!! Yeh!!!!!!

There was plenty of swell on the way down, but the offshore switched to nor-east and somehow no-where lined up right. Scotty and Damien scored the Island, a few of us made Golfies the port of call, Bendy was out of control and out back of Tabourie not working...yet.

Friday night around the fire was filled with the weirdest variety of beers ever taken away. Many arguments over which was worst and it was good for us until someone found our stash of Coopers on night two. The conversation turned to the secret life of underground miners in what can only be wished it was left deep, deep underground. Some things you just can't unlearn....

The search was on for a secret spot on Saturday and Corza, Aiden, Lara and me found one. It shall remain nameless, not that it's too much of a secret, but if you see us disappear next year, we just might be heading back. The rest of the crew headed for a bank along the beach. It was apparently pretty straight, but a few good ones were had in between the close-outs. Just on dark, Scotty hit up a little left inside the island and Corza and myself headed out for a late one at Dumb-Dumbs with a few of the boys from Easties Boardriders. That wave pumps. It comes out of the deep onto a reef ledge and has a real punch. Predominately a short board wave, one mistake on the first section will see you splatted on the reef. Just ask Hughsey, saying he met with it on 19 out of his 20 waves.

On Saturday night, Mark busted out a slab or two of his finest cuts and cranked the spit up. Another first for the weekend away. A spit roast! More meat!!! It laid a solid foundation for more beers, and another long night around the fire. The young crew hooked into a hilarious game of cards, playing 'Shithead' for about 2 hours straight. Piss funny with new rules just about every hand. "Drop-in" hahah. The old fellas settled in around the fire again, I'm sure it was in the hope of more stories about what happens underground, or perhaps it was Bully keeping us in stitches about retirement and the extra time with the wife. Kev is loving it too. It took him 35seconds out of the car until he mentioned the grandkids...ony a Poppy!!! The laughs kept coming and by the time the fire died down enough to go to bed it was about 1:30am and Scotty, Damien had to call it a night. We had run out of drinkable beer.

On the way home we checked everywhere on the coast and ended up having a fun little session at the Farm. For old time's sake, we stuck short boards under each arm and walked down the hill. On the way back up, I remembered that hill and the amount of times we have gone up and down carrying old mals or logs. It is still a killer!

So another year bites the dust. Some more cracking surfs, heaps of laughs and a good time had by all around the fire. And geez it was quiet without George and his one man percussion band!!!! Can't wait to do it all again in 2017!

hang ten.

jn.



